

# THE HUBBIE AND HIS SON.

"How big, papa, is Sullivan?"  
"That people call him great?"  
"Is he as big as a mammoth?"  
"And can he fly a plane?"  
"No, my son, about as big."  
"Perhaps, as Daddy says, his skill is that makes him great."  
"When with him you try on."  
"His skill is great? I know his name is famous in Boston circles."  
"And that his dukes when clad with mitts resemble shells of turtles."  
"But can he knock out a fly, pa?"  
"This hero of our Hub."  
"Or are the stories that I read sensational rubbish?"  
"They're true, my son; he's Boston's pride. Fame clusters round his name; A glory seldom dined; Because, you know, he's game. We can not all be Sullivan. Nor with him ever glow. Nor even as close as he. But where there's a 'sawd soap.'"  
"But, pa, if I Harvard went, Or even into Yale, Could I not hope to learn to spar And make the people quail?"  
"Yes, my son, perhaps you might, But better learn to pitch. Good pitchers snatch the Wagners. From the buldest-hustler."  
—Merchant Traveler.

# WINONA'S FATE.

Little Coon, Her Aired Lover, Explodes a Fiction.

If you have ever spent a winter's night lost and alone in the forest wilds you can appreciate my feeling of despair when I found myself weary, bewildered and storm-bound in the great woods of Canada. It was twenty years ago, to be sure, but the recollection of that night is as vivid in my memory as any event of yesterday.

I had spent the day in the pursuit of game, and when night began to fall gave up the chase with the purpose of going to the settlement. An hour of hard trudging through the snow still found me among the whitened trees, confused, lost. After fully awakening to a realization of the situation, there seemed to come a cold wave sweeping through the great dismal forest, and with the shudder of apprehension came a chill that seemed to stiffen my limbs and frost my face. The paroxysm of fear lasted but a brief period, but the intense cold could not be overcome by mental action and the fact became forcibly impressed that I must keep moving or perish.

"If I only knew which way to go," I muttered to myself.

I gazed up through the leafless, creaking branches of the tall trees to see if the stars had appeared, but the sky was overcast and I was in a quandary. The anxious gaze. Night had fully come; there was no moon, but the darkness was not intense. The earth being mantled with fleecy white and the trees fringed with the same, dark objects were visible for several yards around. The tramp was resumed with no idea as to direction, or what adventures lay in my path. Perhaps I was going deeper and deeper into the great woods and if not there was but little hope of getting out that night. Even the nearest point of egress in all probability was miles away, and thus one wandering in the night in a forest, unable to find a way out, instead of keeping to one point of the compass, I have noticed that right-handed people usually circle to the left and vice versa, probably from the greater muscular force of one side reaching a little ahead of the inferior, when not kept straight by some objective point about which to circle.

Hunters usually carry the rifle at the right side when in hand, on account of its better position for quick use and this also influences the physical force of that side and inclines one to circle to the left. For rest the rifle is carried upon the left shoulder, but this does not increase the muscular action of that side, but diminishes it as the left hand is at rest upon the butt of the gun and the pendulum motion of the right carries one around to the left. Having this theory, I exercised my best judgment and by keeping objective points ahead and bearing a trifle to the left, in imagination, I believed I kept very nearly a straight course.

What a night! The wind cut as if filled with millions of fine needles, flying points foremost, and now began crusting so as to make walking more laborious. I cast about me for some spot which would afford shelter from the howling snow, but only the sturdy trees, studded in the great white blanket, could be seen. I was weary and chilled to the bone, but dared not stop. Hour after hour slowly passed and no halt had been made. My watch told me that half of the night had passed, but could not serve the other half. That was the question, I did, of course, but it seems to me now, as it did then, that Providence guided my weary steps to a safe rescue.

At the very moment when I was discussing the possibility of enduring the cold until dawn a strange object loomed up before me. It was a wigwam made of poles and closely covered with bark. A single wigwam, indeed, it proved, in the heart of the great Canada woods. A cloud of smoke almost as white as the snow issued from the top. Never was mortal more gratified. Going close to the fur-closed doorway I cried out: "Hello, there!"

There was no response and I cried out again. The skin moved and the muzzle of a rifle appeared.

"A white hunter lost in the woods," I said, getting out of the range of the gun.

"White hunter," was repeated and a face appeared.

"White hunter, come in!" A moment later I was out of the biting frost and out of danger. I found the only occupant of the forest lodge to be a very aged Indian. His face was wrinkled, his form bent and the light covering of hair upon his head as white as the crystals that danced in the winter wind outside. The old man spoke English very clearly and seemed glad I had come.

He revived the fire, wrapped a blanket of wolf skins about my shoulders and at once set about preparing some warm drink and food. After thawing out and partaking of the red hermit's food, we sat cross-legged like Turks and smoked our pipes. The Indian was inclined to be reluctant at first when he learned that I was from the Upper Mississippi he became interested.

"You have been up and down the great river?" he interrogated.

"Many times," I returned.

"You have seen the great bluff on the sunrise side of Lake Pepin, then?"

# "Maiden Rock?"

"Yes."

"Time and again. It is a famous rock. Every boat that passes up or down the river contains people who gaze upon the great bluff and think of Winona, who killed herself for love by leaping from its crest to the stony base below."

"All the pilots tell the story over and over again of the tragic end of the pretty Indian girl."

"The old man shook his head slowly."

"I have heard the story," he said thoughtfully, "but none of the pale faces have it right."

"How do you know?"

"I was there at the time and do know."

"Then is the tradition not true?"

"The brave girl did leap from the high rock."

"You must be very old."

"Better than one hundred summers," he answered, "along his thin hand across his deeply furrowed brow."

"I was a young brave then, only a boy, but I have forgotten nothing."

"You say the whites do not have the story of the girl correctly preserved, so you will tell it to me, that I may know the truth of the Lover's Leap?"

"Yes," the old Indian said and laid aside his pipe.

"Winona was the daughter of a Dakota chief and as bright and lovely as the fairest flower of the prairie. Many of the Dakota braves loved the pretty little squaw and so did one pale face trader called Seco, who had a trading post two miles below the bluff."

"The trader offered the chief much money and beads for Winona, and the chief said the squaw should go to the tepee of Seco and be his. Winona hated the trader and loved a young Chippewa brave named Little Coon, and she said to her father she would go in peace with the Chippewa she would go to her death."

"Just at that time the Dakotas and Chippewas went to war and it was no longer safe for Little Coon to visit the home of Winona. He could not stay away from the pretty squaw, so he went with her to the lake in a canoe covered with a tree top and by the shadows of the night."

"Winona answered Little Coon's call when he cried out like a little duck. One night she told her lover that the chief had sold her to the 'Prairie Chicken,' or Seco, the trader, and that her father had told her to go to the tepee of Seco, but she would not go to the tepee of the pale face to be his squaw. She moaned pitifully and said she would throw herself to death from the high bluff before she would go to the trader. Little Coon asked her to flee with him, but she said no, for then both herself and her father would be traitors to her people. The trader hated the Chippewa braves. They talked long and laid a plan to deceive the chief and his people."

"Little Coon hid himself near the bluff all the next day. When night came the chief took Winona to the trader's tepee and left her there. The squaw sat, but said not a word to Seco. She sat and gazed at the stars for a long time. Seco talked to her like the cooing of a dove, but his words touched not her heart. Then she arose and ran towards the high bluff. The trader's wife saw her and told her father that she had told that she would rather die than be his squaw and he ran after her, but it was like the turtle after the gazelle."

"Winona went with quick feet to the top of the bluff and cried out like the wild cat and the Dakota chief and braves who were camped in the forest, heard him. They ran quick. Winona saw them and went to the very brink chanting the death song. She bowed herself to the earth, wrapped her blanket about her breast and with a wild cry sprang out into the dark air of the night."

"The braves drew near the place where the young squaw had stood and they heard the sound of a heavy fall. They looked down into the blackness, but could see nothing four trees deep, but a splash of water was heard and they knew Winona was no more. They went with quick feet to the Pepin lake, but the morning war had carried the dead squaw away forever, they said, and they turned sadly back to their lodges."

"And they never found the body of the girl?" I asked.

"The white-haired old warrior shook his head."

"They did not find the body because it was not left beneath the high hill and it never went down into the lake."

"The lover carried it away," I suggested, a new thought entering my head suddenly.

"It went away with Little Coon, but he did not carry it. Winona was not killed."

"Idea was absurd. A human being could not descend under full power of gravitation, hundreds of feet, and amid broken rocks, without causing instant death. The red hermit divined my thoughts and he said:

"I have told you that the lovers planned to deceive the Dakotas, and they did. Winona secreted a long, narrow canoe of Little Coon was lying, and they paddled away. The long rope was taken with them. They swept quickly up the smooth surface of the pretty Pepin, and when the light came they were hidden in a thicket where Little Coon had left some food."

"When the sun went down again they hurried away from the big river to the east and when light came they hid again. After a long journey they came to another river and when this was crossed they were in Canada. Here they lived with new names and became friends of the whites and no one knew the truth. The Dakotas knew Winona was dead and the Chippewas thought Little Coon killed at the hands of the enemies. I have heard the story many times."

"And did they never return to the Mississippi?" I asked.

"No, they never went back to their people and their people never knew they lived."

# "Where did Winona dwell?"

"The pretty squaw and Little Coon lived eighty years together in this great forest. They led the free life of the red man, and but a little time ago Winona died, leaving her old and feeble companion alone. She died in this very lodge, and was buried beneath the pine."

"Then you are the companion?"

"Yes, I am Little Coon, the Chippewa."

"—C. Leon Meredith, in Detroit Free Press."

# IN COUNTY CORK.

The True Irishman the Most Approachable of Human Beings.

The diet of the Irishman in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk. As he himself puts it, he has potatoes twenty-one times a week.

In the event of a blight, such as the historic one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period.

If one may judge by the physique of its consumers, the diet requires no recommendation of the medical faculty, for a more stalwart race it would be difficult to find. In this corner of the country so long "preserved," we should expect to find the natural Irishman, and we certainly found him.

The native Irish is almost universally spoken, but at the same time the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most exquisite flavor. Here, also, we have the Irishman in the typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us.

As the visitor from the other island, it is a ludicrous picture to see him in tall hat, blue-tailed coat and knee-breeches at work in his wretched plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation. It is not so much the style of his garments, however, that makes his picturesque; it is their relatively miserable condition. We feel that this raggedness has quite passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation. But it is, above all, the hat that fixes the attention. We have often closely inspected it and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single life, any hat, however weather-beaten and however brutally used, could attain that pre-Adamite look. It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its people in so short a time and on such easy terms. The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own lord and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy. If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation, you have but to take your seat on one of the turf walls that form the fences in these parts of the country. If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an additional inducement. Before you are well seated you will be saluted with: "A fine day, sir, God be praised!" and a careless figure will be seen approaching with spade or pickaxe over his shoulder, and as he comes to you he will speed you on your way with a fervent "God preserve you long!" and part with you as if you had been his life-long friend.—Chambers' Journal.

# A MONSTER VESSEL.

Design of a Steamship Which is to Cross the Atlantic in Eighty Hours.

And now comes Prof. R. H. Thurston with a paper suggesting that a ship can be built that will cross the Atlantic Ocean in a little less than three and a half days, the average speed of the new ship being forty-seven miles per hour.

The Leviathan suggested by Prof. Thurston as the ship to cross in eighty hours, he makes 800 feet long, 80 feet beam, of 25 feet draught and 38,000 tons burden.

To make the speed of the Oregon, such a vessel, carrying a full cargo of naval architecture, would require 35,000 horse power, as against 12,000 in the smaller steamer. The law is that to double that speed, or raise it to 40 knots, eight times the power needed for 20 knots would be required; but inasmuch as the law of resistance becomes much more favorable at high speeds, says Prof. Thurston, the limit of the probable power required at 250,000 horse power.

The weight of the steam machinery for the new ship he estimates at 7,500 tons, or the total tonnage of the Oregon, and the consumption of coal at 175 tons an hour, 3,500 tons a day, for a full voyage.

The weight of fuel and machinery would therefore be 18,000 tons. Allow 12,000 tons, or, according to the present construction, about one-third of the total displacement, for the weight of the hull, and 8,000 tons would be left for passengers, crew and cargo.—Goodall's Sun.

# ENTIRELY TOO LATE.

A Detroit Misadventure Who Waited Too Long Before Turning Up Something.

There was an exultant smile on his face as he walked into the office of a well-known capitalist, and there was a proud ring in his voice as he said:

"For twenty years I have lived from hand to mouth, waiting for something to turn up. It has finally come. I have made a discovery which, if you will back it with a few hundred dollars, will give us both fortunes."

"State your case."

"Well, sir, I have discovered that banana peels can be utilized for all kinds of table jellies. A peck of old peelings can be made to bring forth twelve tumblers of the finest currant jelly, and the profit is—"

"Hold on right there," interrupted the capitalist; "you are just two years too late. A chap in Chicago not only discovered that, but he found a way to work in apple rinds and cores and orange peel, and we can't infringe on his patent."

"But—"

"It's no use. I'd like to see you get along, but you must drop that. Don't be discouraged, however. Perhaps you can discover a way to make pressed corn beef out of old boot leeks. All you want is a machine to run in the streets of fat."—Detroit Free Press.

This is the style in which the Denison (Tex.) News described two of the young bloods of the town as a bull-pug and a watermelon.

"Watermelon was just too utterly too-too for anything."

Experiments are being made in Philadelphia in the breeding of silk worms from eggs of worms bred in this country.

# FOR SUNDAY READING.

# GOD'S MESSENGER.

O Death, thou art a tyrant, bold, Immortal, reckless, cruel, cold, For grief's punishment, tears untold, Thou deeds have set a-bowling.

No power our fears: our hopes not so! A better world than this below Gives them more light, more rest, to know— Sweet truth with promise glowing.

The forms of loved ones in the dust We may not merely that we must, But with a sense of perfect trust, That this is not life's ending.

Within the tomb the Saviour lay, Till dawned the blessed Easter day, When forth He rose to live for aye, The bonds of sin and sorrow slaying.

So, too, we die, but we may rise; Each day, each moment as it flies, But brings us nearer to the skies, Unto the life immortal.

Sweet in God's sight, the death of saints And those who love the spirit faints, Whose loss we mourn with sad complaints, Have entered Home's bright portal.

And in that Home, surpassing bright, The souls of Heaven's angels wait, In joy, in day that knows no night, And never-fading pleasure.

The very dust they left behind, Shall soon be raised, and reigned, Shall God's dear and his heart in mind, A precious, sacred treasure.

Until the trump, the clouds shall rend, Till Christ shall in His might descend, Till faith in full fruition end, And death in resurrection.

Then, fairer far than e'er before, Their forms shall rise to die no more, And to our Father's throne they'll soar, These objects of affection.

So speak our hopes, and 'mid our tears, Await the cloud the bow appears, And the visitor from the other sphere, Our faith our songs inspires.

O Death, thou art no monster cold, No tyrant stern, remorseless, bold; God's messenger, thou dost unfold Heaven's love to those who're soled.

—Robert M. O'Connell, in N. Y. Observer.

# International Sunday-School Lessons.

SECOND QUARTER. June 7—Review. Service of Song: Missionary. Temperance. Other Lesson selected by the school.

THIRD QUARTER. July 4—Jesus and the Blind. John 9:1-37.

July 11—Man. John 8:12-18.

July 18—Shepherd. John 10:1-18.

July 25—The Death of Jesus. John 11:1-18.

Aug. 1—The Resurrection. John 11:37-44.

Aug. 8—The Resurrection. John 11:37-44.

Aug. 15—Jesus Teaching His Disciples. John 13:1-17.

Aug. 22—Warning to Judas and Peter. John 13:21-30.

Aug. 29—Jesus Comforts His Disciples. John 14:1-31.

Sept. 5—The Mission of the Spirit. John 15:26-27.

Sept. 12—The Mission of the Spirit. John 15:26-27.

Sept. 19—Review. Service of Song: Missionary. Temperance. Other Lesson selected by the school.

# THE VOICE WITHIN.

The Spiritual Sense Should Be Kept Free From Evil Acts and Influences.

"He is governed by his conscience, and his conscience by the Divine Spirit, and so he walks with God," was the picture that one gave of a life that was fruitful in good. "He hath life that we do not see, and hears a voice that we do not hear. The influences that make him what he is are from within and from above."

John Woolman waited for this Heavenly voice to guide him in every act of his life, even in the choice of his clothes and his food and in his daily work.

We are apt to smile at this trusting faith in childlike. But was there less than the modern habit of thought which makes of the world only a place for food, clothes and work, and never hears, beyond and above all, the Heavenly Call.

In the unpublished annals of a "Friends' Meeting," held near the village of Fletching, a century and a half ago, we find the remarkable story of Jane—, the daughter of a farmer in Kent, who emigrated to this country with some of her kinsfolk, and remained with them for a year as dairy-maid. She "was of a gloomy and thoughtful spirit," and was dissatisfied with the life of the dairy-maid, with some other young people, she went to the little country meeting-house where the Quakers assembled, chiefly from curiosity and a wish for amusement. It was a quiet morning in June. No one was moved to speak, and after two hours' silent session the Friends dispersed. Among them was the Quaker and his wife, who were eminent for their zeal and godly spirit. The English girl, we are told, looked at them steadily, and was moved of the Spirit to join herself to them. They were strangely tendered towards her. Outside the house the women, they were moved by God, bade her come to their house. She remained with them for four months, and after that, being moved to go out to carry the Gospel to the Indians, "journeyed up and down the coast as far as Florida among the wild tribes for five years, bringing many souls to God."

Robert Barrow, another Quaker teacher of the Indians, while in Jamaica heard one day in his soul a silent voice bidding him take up his feeble, and "though an aged man and feeble, was not disobedient to the Heavenly Call," but gave his life to the work.

There is spiritual hearing as well as spiritual seeing, and both may be led by evil acts and influences. The mother of John and Charles Wesley understood this principle clearly. "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she wrote to John Wesley while he was a student, "take this for your rule: Whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience and takes away your relish of spiritual things, that to you is wrong, however innocent it may be in itself."

"Keep your spiritual senses clear," said a noble artist to a pupil, "for nature does not reveal her beauties to a mind clouded by any darkness of character." So also keep your spiritual hearing clear, and amid all the voices that call, fail not to have an open ear to the Voice that is Divine.—Youth's Companion.

# NOT A SELFISH FAITH.

The Abundant Claim of Individual Critics—Christian Excellence Attainable Only by Devotion to the Welfare of Others.

Individual critics have discovered that the Christian faith is essentially selfish. "It wraps men up in their individual desires and hopes, and makes personal future felicity the sole aim of life." The ground for this statement is the admitted fact that Christianity requires men to seek their own salvation, to look first and well to their own characters and lives, and promises them reward here and hereafter for so doing. Seeking one's own spiritual safety can not be selfish, since the element of injury to others is excluded. It is barely possible that some may seek

# their own salvation in ways that injure others, but their obvious antagonism to the whole tenor of Christian teaching should certainly exempt it from blame for their course. It commands us to labor for help, love sympathies with, suffer for and save each other. No other book teaches self-sacrifice for others so abundantly and impressively as the Bible does.

If anything more were needed to show the supreme absurdity of the accusation that the Christian religion is selfish, it is that we are taught that we can only be saved ourselves by laboring to save others, and that we are saved from sin only in proportion as we are saved from selfishness. One object of our salvation is that we may be fitted to win men to Christ. We are blessed that we may be a blessing to others. "Freely ye have received, freely give." The saved soul becomes a blessing by the power of his example. He is a living witness of the power of Christ. Happy in the love of God and in assurance of pardon, the Christian's strongest impulse is to lead others to the same experience. He is not content with his own salvation, but he enriches his life only by making it a blessing to others. The law of his spiritual life is that he shall receive grace to use for God's glory, and shall be ministered unto by the Divine spirit only as he ministers to others. "He that watereth shall be watered himself." Spiritual leanness and apostasy are sure to result from disobedience to this law. In other words, he that endeavors to be a selfish Christian ceases to be a Christian.

Thus all the manifold ministrations of the Spirit to believers are intended to be a blessing to others. Not one is to be selfishly appropriated by or limited to the individual recipient. Paul teaches that Divine comfort in sorrow is given that we may comfort others: "Blessed be the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." No man can consciously receive comfort from God without perceiving that it is meant for others as well as himself. If he is not sure that any mercy comes to him from God, if the recovery of his health, or the saving of his fortune seems to him to be merely a place of good luck, then he may be meanly and miserably selfish about it. If he recognizes God as the giver of his blessings, he will see that they are too great for him to keep to himself, and that they must be meant for a circle wider than his little life. The joy of his Divine comfort will overflow him and bless others.

There is no Christian excellence attainable except by devotion to the welfare of men. Christian perfection is not a negative grace. It is not merely freedom from low temptations. It is positive, aggressive, self-forgetful, self-devoted devotion to the welfare of our fellow-men; a constant, joyful effort, inspired and sustained by the indwelling, constraining love of Christ to make our lives a blessing to humanity. Phillips Brooks says: "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind. The truth is, we are at our best when we try to be it not for ourselves alone, but for our brethren; and that we take God's gifts most completely for ourselves when we realize that He sends them to us for the benefit of other men."—M. W. Christian Advocate.

# PRAYER.

It Renders Affliction Less Grievous and Makes Joy More Pure.

When you have prayed, does not your heart feel lighter, your soul more content? Prayer renders affliction less grievous, makes joy more pure. It gives to the one fortitude; to the other a celestial perfume. What are you doing in the world? And have you nothing to ask of Him who has placed you here? You are a traveler who seeks His country. Do not walk with head bowed down. Raise your eyes Heavenward that you may see the way. Heaven is your home; and when you look above, do you return no thanks? Have you no petition to make, or do you ever remain silent? One day, when he was asked, "Of what good is prayer?" God is too high above us to listen to such worthless creatures! And who, then, has made these worthless creatures? Who has given them feeling thought and speech, if not God? And if He has been so good toward them, why do we forsake them so? Truly, he who says this in his heart, that God despises His works, he blasphemes God.

Others have said: "Of what good is prayer? Does not God know better than we of what things we have need?" Yes! God knows better than we of our necessities for His help. He knows our first need, and prayer to God is the beginning of love in our heart. The father knows the needs of his child. For that reason should the son never return, by word or action, gratitude to his kind parent? When animals suffer, are in fear, or hunger, they utter plaintive cries. These are the prayers which they address to God, and He bows down a listening ear. Should man, then, alone of all creation, be the only being whose voice reaches the ear of his Creator? Over the plains sometimes passes a violent hot wind, and the withered branches of the shrubs and lowly shrubs of the earth, but molested by the dew they regain their freshness and raise their drooping heads. So there are burning winds, which pass over the soul to wither it. Prayer is the dew which refreshes the sad and weary spirit.—Intelligence.

# WISE SAYINGS.

—Humility in furs is better than in a cow!—St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

—A new life is the best, and the most sublime, penitence.—Martin Luther.

—It is the struggle and not the attainment that measures character.—Bergsma.

—Women are not healed by the unbending of the bow that made them.—Longfellow.

—Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.—Addison.

—When we know God we have not to travel far to find Him. He is found—even as the light is found when the eye is opened to its beams.—Macaulay.

—However brilliant the sky above our heads, we must have something to "ride to"—besides the dance of the Pleiades, or we shall grow head-ach and heart-sick. Man do not gather the figs and grapes of peace and righteousness from the thorns of doubt or the thistles of denial. There is no angel in Heaven—to be compared with "the angel of Babylon" who carried the "Carpet of Babel."—Christian Intelligence.

# FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

# MY BABY.

Our baby goes! It's very queer, A moment since I was pleased, I can have gone to ride to-day, Over the hills with Dimpie Grey! I'll never be back on the dimpled toes! Oh, tell me where my baby goes!

Though dearly baby loves to ride, O better far she loves to hide. Her hair is like a golden ringlet, But no! no! Alice is lurking there! Can she be